



POEMA Nº1

Espida de morriña
Cando por un intre
Deixe de catalogar os teus recordos
Sexas de novo o meu presente...
Cando as balconadas
Pinten a cor da ledicia que sinto
Cando volte a aperta do amigo inesquencible
Cando converse ata a alborada
Cando o orballo caia sobre a miña faciana
Mentres un bico imaxinario faise real entre campanadas
Cando poida arrodillarme nas túas igrexas
Cando volte a chuvia a mollar nos escuros invernos as túas pedras
Cando un café sexa o arrecendo dun poeta
Cando voe no ceo a túa estrela
...cando o meu cabaleiro pete na miña xanela




Cando todo iso pase
Estarei no lugar máis fermoso da terra
Na raíz máis profunda da miña alma.

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